

## EXTRA.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 5:00 P. M.

## WITHOUT PRECEDENT!

Pennsylvania's Awful Rush Flourishing Johnstown Wiped  
of Waters. Out in an Hour.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE PERISH.

Awful Scenes in the Terrible Scarcely a Moment's Warning  
Night. from the Flood.

CALAMITY GROWING WORSE EACH HOUR

Fire Adds to the Horrors of the Night—A Hundred People Thought to Have  
Been Burned in the Wreck at Johnstown—Total Loss of Life Estimated at  
Three Thousand—Impossible for Days to Get the Number Accurately.

The absorbing interest in the terrible disaster in Pennsylvania, justifies an *Intelligencer* extra. The details continue to be meagre as compared with the known extent of the casualty, but they tell enough to show that the loss of life and property has never been equaled in this country outside of a pitched battle. The bursting of the Mill River Reservoir, in Massachusetts, in 1874, was the nearest approach from a like cause, but that casualty, terrible as it was, sinks into insignificance when compared with this fell blow. Every dispatch adds to the horror. In the excitement of the moment accounts may be exaggerated—let us hope they are—though the statements known to be true themselves almost exaggerate the possible.

## WHEELING RELIEF MEETING.

Help For the Pennsylvania Flood Sufferers.  
Call by the Mayor.

Citizens of Wheeling are urged to be present at 8 o'clock this Saturday evening, in the Second Branch Council Chamber, to take action looking to the relief of the sufferers by the floods in Pennsylvania. The appeal for help is urgent.

(Signed) C. W. SEABRIGHT, Mayor.

## IT WAS PREDICTED.

But the People Would Not Believe—Terrible  
Sights in the Swooping Flood.

NEW FLORENCE, Pa., June 1.—The calamity of yesterday was as singular as it was fatal. It is now very evident that more lives have been lost because of foolish incredulity than from ignorance of the danger. For more than a year there have been fears of an accident of just such a character. The foundations of the dam were considered to be shaky early last spring, and many increasing leakages were reported from time to time. According to those who live in Johnstown and other towns on the line of the river, ample time was given to the Johnstown folks by the road officials and by other gentlemen of standing and reputation. In dozens, yes, hundreds of cases, this warning was utterly disregarded and those who heeded it early in the day were looked upon as cowards and many Jews were uttered by lips that now are cold among the rank grass beside the river.

## AN AWFUL SIGHT.

One poor nameless woman, who looked with sightless eyes at the gray clouds from the almsy banks of a meadow just below New Florence, with a smile that perhaps had its birth in that spirit of "who's afraid," which had such awful results. An awful, mind-boggling, ghastly burden that came in along the meadow and yet there was a look of peace on the features that brought tears to the eyes of the rough men who found her and fastened the body by a short string to a post. She had a work, a day's life, poor creature, her hands were rough, her face thin and worn and her hair was as streaked with gray as the stormy sky just after dawn. Whether Johnstown, broke and full-hardness numbers its flood victims by scores or by the hundreds, no one yet knows, and it will be many days before the writing upon tombstones and the tracing of "the unknown dead," are ended. There is growing a feeling among the surviving survivors against those who owned the lake, and damage suits will be plentiful by-and-by. The dams in Stony Creek, above Johnstown, broke about noon yesterday and thousands of feet of lumber passed down the stream.

ONE HUNDRED BODIES AT ONE PLACE.  
It is impossible to tell what the loss of life will roll up, but at 9 o'clock the Coroner of Westmoreland county sent a message out, saying that 100 bodies had been recovered at Nineveh, half way from here to Johnstown. Sober-minded men do not hesitate to say that 1,200 is no exaggeration.

"How can anybody tell how many are dead?" said a railroad engineer this morning. "I have been at Sang Hollow in eight when the wreck occurred, and I saw the train since 11 o'clock yesterday and have seen fully 500 persons lost in the flood."

J. Eech, a brave railroad employee, saved 16 lives at Nineveh. The most was the roasting of a hundred or more persons in the mid-flood.

## FIRE AND THE FLOOD.

The ruins of houses, outbuildings and other structures, swept against the new railroad bridge at Johnstown and from an overturned store or some such cause, fire. There were crowds of men, women and children on the wreck and their screams were soon lost in the awful chorus of the flood. Soon after the fire burned the mass. There were some fifty people broke up and were swept under the bridge into the churning water.

## JOHNSTOWN GONE.

The latest news from Johnstown is that at 1 o'clock two houses could be seen in the town.

It is also said that only three houses remain in Cambria City. The first authentic news was from W. N. Hayes, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company,

la the river. The body was taken to the undertaking rooms of D. Bowers to await identification. Description: Stout, fleshy woman, about 30 or 35 years old; weight, about 175 pounds; about 5 feet 6 inches high; black hair; no clothing, but a blue calico dress with white flowers in it; plain gold ring on finger of left hand.

## A FEARFUL JOURNEY.

A Survivor's Thrilling Story—"God Only Knows How Many Perished."

BLAIRVILLE INTERSECTION, June 1.—At Lockport, about eighteen miles from the scene of the disaster, Edley Benson, an old man, Mrs. Boye, Paddy Madden and two Hungarians were rescued. Mr. Benson was seen at Mr. Miller's store, and when the poor old fellow had calmed down somewhat he gave a graphic description of the rushing water, and that swept in the train of the water. Said he:

"I live in Cambria City. I think not less than 1,500 people were lost. During the morning the water was at least three feet deep in the streets, and the current was swift. Boards, logs, raft and rubbish of all kinds were floating past the door. In the house with me on Chestnut street, were ten persons beside myself, and I feel sure they were all lost."

"Up to 4 o'clock in the afternoon the water in the streets remained stationary. The company store and club house and at the point, where it was at least 7 to 8 feet deep before the rush came. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the great rush came."

"I didn't know what it was, but since then I am told the South Fork reservoir broke. In 15 minutes the water rose 10 feet, and in five minutes more I am sure 50 houses came floating down the streets. There were people in every one of them, and God only how many were lost, and they were carried off. The houses were jammed together and against the houses still standing, and in a very few minutes they were all battered to pieces before they had been carried very far. The house I was in was soon smashed to pieces, and I managed to jump onto a cellar door. In a few seconds I was rushed off into the flood, and when I looked back where Cambria City stood there was nothing but a great lake of water. It looked to me as if every house had been raised or covered over by the rushing water, and I felt as if floating timber, roofs of houses, raft, boards, etc."

"The scene was indescribable. The cries of the men, women and children were fearful, and I suppose I added my own yell to the shrieks of the unfortunate. I think not less than 1,500 people were lost in the flood."

"This estimate may be too high, but I am afraid it is too low. I passed Paddy Madden's wife, my son's wife and a man clinging to the roof of a house. I saw them and had them good-bye. In a short time I was caught by the water and turned over every once in awhile. I got into a whirlpool, and more than once almost lost my grip on the cellar door."

## THE CAMBRIA IRON MILL GONE.

Hundreds of Workmen Thought to be Drowned—Not a House Left.

PITTSBURGH, June 1.—From the bits of news that could be gathered the most heartrending scenes in any part of the disaster were at the works of the Cambria Iron Company and the little town adjoining it called Canada. There was a full force of men on when the death knell of the town was sounded by the bursting of the great dam. It came down through the valley in which the town is located with such speed that the iron workers could not realize what was coming on them. The Cambria river, already swollen by the rains, soon began to overflow its banks, but as this is no frequent occurrence in the spring, little heed was paid to the rising water. Once the flood got fairly started, the men at the works had little or no time to consider their situation. They stuck to their molten steel for a few moments longer, but the water soon reached the mill, and when it did, few any who were within the walls escaped.

## THE ENTIRE MILL SUBMERGED.

The first all of the door was covered, and then the first story, and by the time it covered the railroad bridge the entire mill and yard was submerged. The men in the mill and yard, but how many got out alive is not known. The molten steel flew in all directions from the converters when the water ran into them, and flames of white-hot metal were seen on all sides. Aside from the loss of life, the loss of the Cambria Iron Company will be immense. Their entire building, which was built of brick, is ruined, and their engines, cars and appliances shifted about in all directions.

## NOT A HOUSE LEFT.

In the town known as Canada, which is near the steel works, there is not a house left. The buildings were nearly all frame, and were raised on the foundations as soon as the water reached the lower all. One after the other they went down the Conemaugh until at last there was not a house left.

A most pitiful scene is described as happening in this place. A lady who occupied one of the houses near the river, and whose husband was at the mill working, did not notice the water until it was at her door. Then with her own hands she raised the water, and from there on the roof, thinking she could thus escape from the rising waters. In her fright she was mistaken, for no sooner had she reached the roof than the house began to move, and the next instant it was floating down the river with its load of living freight.

## A FOURISHING CITY.

Demolished in an Hour—The Worst Blow of its Kind in American History.

PITTSBURGH, June 1.—A Dispatch special says: Johnstown swept away! The thriftest city of 20,000 to 30,000 souls in the State! Do you comprehend the loss of what! Do you comprehend the loss of those souls sent in an hour to their God; the loss of nineteen-twentieths of the people of this city? The loss of the mountains for their lives, as in the days of Noah's flood—only without the 40 days to make the flood. And to the awful breadth and depth and significance of this further fact that the first rush of the flood had come and gone, and taken its dozen of lives with it, only to leave others thinking God had been spared; and to this the horrors of a choked-up torrent, filled with floating houses, bridges and debris, backing water and rising, as by the motion of a hand, until, very shortly, it had inundated the remainder of the city, and left, as one surviving witness says, but two houses distinguishable out of all that sunken city, multiply this, by the night, before the flood had submerged all of burning houses, with their occupants victims of both fire and flood—and you have a picture of the disaster of its kind on this continent, or on any other, for that matter, within modern times.

## Bodies Coming in at Pittsburgh—Belief Measures.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 1.—The body of a Welsh woman, 60 years of age, was taken from the river near the suspension bridge about 10 o'clock this morning.

Four other bodies were seen, but, owing to the mass of wreckage which is coming down the river, they could not be recovered, and passed down the Ohio river.

A citizens' meeting has been called at the old City Hall to devise means to aid the sufferers of the Johnstown flood. The Pennsylvania railroad officials have already placed cars on liberty street for the purpose of receiving provisions and clothing, and up to this hour many prominent merchants have come forward with their donations.

## THE LOST CITY.

Johnstown, Its Location, Its Importance, Its Industries, Its History in Brief.

Johnstown, until overtaken by the disaster of yesterday, was one of the most flourishing and prosperous manufacturing towns in the State. It had over a population of 8,000 in 1880, and has grown rapidly since. Probably the number of inhabitants at the present date it was twice as large. It has not been incorporated as a city, but is still governed under a borough charter. Including its populous suburbs, which are really a part of the town, several of them being separated by only a few minutes' ride, Johnstown has nearly, if not quite, 35,000 inhabitants.

Its site is picturesque and beautiful—in fact the natural scenery of the entire country is perhaps unsurpassed in the Pennsylvania Valley at Johnstown. The Conemaugh Valley at Johnstown, is but a few hundred feet in width, the mountains extending close up to the river. The neighboring boroughs, Conemaugh, Millvale, Cambria, Prospect, East Conemaugh, Franklin, Cooperstown and Woodale, are all growing places. Johnstown proper is situated at the confluence of the Conemaugh river and Stony creek, a portion of the city lying on the west side of the latter stream.

Its location is one of the most favorable for the settlement of the whites, being a healthy and pleasant place to live. The town is well paved; has electric lights, street cars and a fine system of water works. It contains many handsome business blocks and fine residences. It is particularly noted for the number and excellence of its churches, nearly a dozen different denominations being represented, and many of them having very fine and costly edifices.

For many years it has been the connecting point between railroad and canal transportation. As far back as 1831 the Portage Railroad ascended the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountain by the inclined planes, up which cars were drawn by a system of endless and descending the western slope in the same way, connected at Johnstown with the "main line" of Pennsylvania improvements. This great achievement, which was then considered a miracle, was superseded later by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which enters the county of Cambria through the Gallatin tunnel and leaves it at the border of Westmoreland and Indiana counties. Johnstown was the terminus of the Somerset and Cambria branch of the Baltimore and Ohio running from Rockwood on the Cumberland division to Johnstown.

The greatest iron and steel manufacturing company in the United States—the Carnegie Iron Company—has its works in Johnstown. In their numerous blast furnaces, their Bessemer steel works, rolling mills and mines they employ thousands of men. The Johnstown works are of vast extent, covering over 1,000 acres, and are supplied with long tracks nearly forty miles in total length. The annual product of the works runs into the millions, and the population of Johnstown is dependent, directly or indirectly, on the industry.

The Gaultier Steel Works, located in the upper part of the town, and under the management of the Cambria Company, are among the most extensive and best equipped in the country. The Johnstown works are situated on the Cambria river, and are supplied with steel rails for street railroads, and is one of the important industrial establishments of the valley.

## THOUSANDS DROWNED.

Story of a Drowned Man—Deeds of Heroism—Three Thousand Supposed to Have Died.

BLAIRVILLE INTERSECTION, June 1.—Lockport was luckier than many of the surrounding towns, not having lost any houses by the flood, but some sixty-five families were turned out of their homes, and on the Indiana county side of the river all the people living near the river were driven out. The Lockport school was filled this evening by some fifty people, mothers nursing their babies, school children, and men, women and children, young girls crowded together conversing over the terrible misfortune.

Of one thing that Lockport can boast, it is local heroes. Yesterday afternoon, Edward Stuck, a young railroad living in the place, an old man floating down the river on a tree trunk, having agonized face, and streaming gray hair, excited the compassion of the young man, who plunged into the torrent, and with his own hands brought the old man safely ashore.

## THE CLIMAX OF HEROISM.

Scarcely had he completed saving the man when the upper story of a house floated by on which Mrs. Adams, of Cambria, and her two children were riding. He plunged again, and while breaking through the roof of the house, cut an artery in his left wrist, but although he weakened with loss of blood, he succeeded in saving both mother and child.

George Shomo, another Lockport (Pa.) swimmer, pulled out William Jones, of Cambria. He was almost exhausted and could not possibly have survived another minute in the water.

John Decker, who had some celebrity as a local pugilist, was also successful in saving a woman and boy, but was nearly killed in a third attempt to reach the middle of the river by being struck with a huge log.

THE MOST MIRACULOUS POINT.  
about the people who reached Blairville was how they passed through the falls half way between Lockport and Blairville. The swimming water rushed through that barrier of rocks with a noise which drowned that of the passing trains, and heavy trees were whirling high in the air out of the water, and houses which reached there whole were dashed to splinters against the dam of rocks.

and to-day there are not a dozen houses at Cambria City, out of over 1,500. The whole place is deserted, and the Iron Company's plant is wrecked. There are, without doubt, fully 3,000 people lost between Conemaugh borough and Cambria City. The flood was so sudden and overwhelming that there is no chance of estimating the loss of life. I feel terribly broken up by my long trip.

Henry Berkot and George Rich were also conspicuous among the life saving corps, and rescued four people from the water.

## THEY KNEW THE TERRORS.

The Fishing Club that Owned the Lake Leading Citizens of Pittsburgh.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., June 1.—"Good heavens! Is it so that the dam has broken?" exclaimed James V. Long last evening, when a reporter told him of the disaster at South Fork.

"Well," he continued, "it is not unexpected to me, nor to many members of the South Fork Fishing Club. It has always been a sword of Damocles, not only to the members of the club, but to others. The people of Johnstown have always feared it. Time and again the dam has been threatened, and every time it was pronounced safe, but no one knew when it would break."

Mr. Long is State Commissioner of Fisheries, and is a member and for years Secretary of the Western Pennsylvania Sportsmen's Association. It was from the latter organization that the South Fork Fishing Club sprang. All the original members of the fishing club, and nearly every one who is a member now, belongs to the Sportsmen's Association.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad Company bought the old canal and constructed along its line the great highway of rails the reservoir was no longer needed. The dam was a relic of the old times, and the bottom of the lake had originally been meadows, and when the lake was no longer needed the meadows reappeared as the water was drained off from the bottom.

The dam was bought by the South Fork Fishing Club from Mr. Reilly. The exact price paid none of the members of the club who were seen last night could say. The club was formed on the basis of a membership limited to 100 persons, and the shares being placed at \$500 each and each member being required to own two shares before being entitled to the privileges of membership.

Nearly \$20,000 was expended in putting the dam in thorough repair, in addition to what was spent on other improvements. Then arrangements were made for the erection of a hotel and cottages. Every member who desired to put up a cottage within six months was allowed a plot of ground 100 feet square.

There are now about twenty members of the club, of whom sixteen have cottages. Commencing from the lower end of the lake, and going to the head, the cottages stand in this order:

A MAGNIFICENT LIST.  
1. D. W. C. Biddle. 2. J. J. Lawrence. 3. R. K. Biddle. 4. C. H. Husey. 5. F. C. Knox. 6. The Hotel. 7. H. L. Knapp. 8. J. W. Knapp. 9. J. W. Knapp. 10. J. W. Knapp. 11. J. W. Knapp. 12. J. W. Knapp. 13. J. W. Knapp. 14. J. W. Knapp. 15. J. W. Knapp. 16. J. W. Knapp. 17. J. W. Knapp. 18. J. W. Knapp. 19. J. W. Knapp. 20. J. W. Knapp. 21. J. W. Knapp. 22. J. W. Knapp. 23. J. W. Knapp. 24. J. W. Knapp. 25. J. W. Knapp. 26. J. W. Knapp. 27. J. W. Knapp. 28. J. W. Knapp. 29. J. W. Knapp. 30. J. W. Knapp. 31. J. W. Knapp. 32. J. W. Knapp. 33. J. W. Knapp. 34. J. W. Knapp. 35. J. W. Knapp. 36. J. W. Knapp. 37. J. W. Knapp. 38. J. W. Knapp. 39. J. W. Knapp. 40. J. W. Knapp. 41. J. W. Knapp. 42. J. W. Knapp. 43. J. W. Knapp. 44. J. W. Knapp. 45. J. W. Knapp. 46. J. W. Knapp. 47. J. W. Knapp. 48. J. W. Knapp. 49. J. W. Knapp. 50. J. W. Knapp. 51. J. W. Knapp. 52. J. W. Knapp. 53. J. W. Knapp. 54. J. W. Knapp. 55. J. W. Knapp. 56. J. W. Knapp. 57. J. W. Knapp. 58. J. W. Knapp. 59. J. W. 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